

**Annals of the DeRosset Family
as compiled from original documents by
Catherine DeRosset Meares
1906**



Part C: pages 63 to 91

*Scanned from a copy of the book in the possession of
James Bailey deRosset of Asheville, North Carolina, 2012*

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

The Degree of Doctor of Medicine was then conferred by the Provost upon Samuel Powell Griffith, M. B., Professor of Materia Medica in the College, and upon each of the candidates, to whom the right hand of fellowship was afterwards publickly given by each of the Medical Professors. The business of the day was concluded with a sensible and pathetic address to the Graduates, by the Provost of the College."

Dr. deRosset's Latin Thesis, published by the Faculty of the University, was long preserved in the family, but cannot now be found. He had a remarkably retentive and accurate memory, and so mastered all his studies that the knowledge once gained became fixed in his mind. In extreme old age he would quote apt passages from classical authors, of whom Horace and Virgil were his favorites. Copies of the Thesis were submitted to the Hon. Benjamin Hawkins, then United States Senator from North Carolina, and to other men of learning, eliciting commendatory replies.

Doubtless the young doctor was abundantly gratified by the distinctions he had won, but he was not the man to rest content upon laurels already earned; they only served as a stimulus to renewed energies and exertion. With characteristic industry and determination he immediately entered upon the duties of his profession at Wilmington in competition with such older physicians of eminence as Drs. James Fergus, Nathaniel Hill and James Claypole, graduates of Edinburgh, Scotland, and others of equal repute.

And so, equipped with the most advanced medical knowledge of that day, and crowned with collegiate honors, in his twenty-third year, he began a successful professional career, which continued in *active* service for 69 years, having practised in six generations of one family.

About that time, two young ladies from Charleston, the Misses Fullerton, came to Wilmington to visit their uncle, Henry Toomer, the husband of the doctor's sister, Magdalene M. deRosset. He soon fell a victim to the charms of Mary, the older sister, and the attachment being mutual, they were married in Charleston, October 6, 1791. Mary had a delicate constitution, and, after having borne three daughters, who died in infancy, and a son, Moses John, who survived her, she died of that dread disease, consumption, in November, 1797. "As a wife, she was all that I could wish," writes her bereaved husband.

But, being only thirty years of age, he sorely felt the need of wifely love and companionship, as well as of motherly care for his idolized son. Not being able to reconcile it to his feelings to place a stranger over this beloved child, after many scruples, on account of their relative situation, he resolved to offer himself to Catherine Fullerton, sister of his first wife. She shared his scruples, but, finally yielding to his urgent suit, they were married in Charleston

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August 1, 1799. He had long known her many excellences of character, and loved her with unfeigned affection, which she fully reciprocated, and proved herself in all respects a blessed helpmeet.

His first married life was spent in his father's house on the northeast corner of Second and Market streets, his mother, Mrs. Boyd, having taken up her abode with her daughter, Mrs. Toomer; but, on becoming engaged to "Kitty" Fullerton, he built for her reception the brick house still standing on the northwest corner of Third and Market. Unsightly it seems to our modern ideas of elegance, being built flush with the streets, according to the ugly custom of that day. But it was then a handsome home, and substantial enough to last for generations. And withal a house so full of precious memories, so hallowed by saintly lives and holy deaths, so blessed with the atmosphere of love and Christ-like benvolence, that we may well weep that it has now passed into the possession of strangers.

"The soul of the old house is forever gone. It had been the guardian of its inner life, but is now only the keeper of the family ghost."

The Fullerton sisters were daughters of John Fullerton and Elizabeth Toomer, his wife. Mr. Fullerton was a Scotchman, a Hume by birth, nephew of David Hume, the famous philosopher and historian. When very young his name was changed by due process of law to that of a maternal uncle, an old bachelor, who begged to adopt him, give him his own name and make him his heir. The old gentleman, however, married in his old age, and when a son of his own appeared, young Fullerton, then about seventeen, gave up the hope of his inheritance and left home to seek his fortunes in a new land. That his Uncle David held him in great regard and affection was abundantly shown by a constant correspondence with his "beloved nephew" during his life time. Many of these letters were long preserved in the family; the last one, much pasted and stitched for preservation, was, by request, loaned to a historical society in Charleston that wished to obtain an autography of David Hume, and, to my grandfather's lasting regret, was never recovered.

Young Fullerton must have exhibited qualities commanding the esteem of his adopted countrymen, and gained the friendship of families of high social standing. Being without means and having a mechanical turn, he adopted the cabinet maker's trade, and did excellent work in that line.

Fully identified with his new home, as the Revolutionary War drew near, he proved himself an ardent patriot and was one of the committee of thirteen mechanics, who, with a like number each of planters and merchants, met at the Liberty Tree in 1766 to devise means for furthering the cause of American



Mrs. Elizabeth Toomer Fullerton

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independence (see McCrady's History, Vol. II., pp. 590 and 651). (This tree was destroyed by the British during Sir Henry Clinton's occupation of Charleston, as having been the "hot bed of rebellion.") These men succeeded in carrying the "Non-Importation Acts," and formulated an agreement for co-operation in patriotic measures.

Mr. Fullerton died before the Revolution (or we would doubtless have heard of him in military service), leaving three daughters and one son, Joshua Toomer, who died unmarried early in the war, of disease contracted in the service. The daughters were:

1. Elizabeth (Mrs. Joseph Righton, of Charleston). *b. May 10 - 1768*
2. Mary (Mrs. A. J. deRosset, of Wilmington), d. 1797. *died Mar 20 - 1855*
3. Catherine (also Mrs. A. J. deRosset), b. 1771, d. 1857 (named for her aunt, Catherine Hume, sister of the historian).

Elizabeth Fullerton, their mother (1736-1821), was a woman of uncommon intellect and literary attainments, and after the war, for the support and education of her daughters, she opened a school for young ladies in Charleston. Thus the three sisters enjoyed advantages of education and culture beyond those of many gentlewomen of their day.

Mrs. Fullerton has an honorable place in the Revolutionary Historical Records of South Carolina as "prominent among the women of Charleston in sustaining and encouraging the fainting, sorrowing spirits of the trying times of the siege and occupation of the British army."

She died in Charleston, at Mrs. Righton's home, and is interred in the Circular churchyard. Her tomb has this inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Fullerton, who ended ^{her} this mortal life in the sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality, on the 21st day of August, 1821, aged 84 yrs. and 10 mos.

This marble is a testimonial Erected as a memorial of the filial affection of her two surviving daughters."

The Fullertons were rigid Presbyterians. Their father was a man of strong religious feeling and faith which his Uncle David—an unbeliever himself—so much respected that none of his frequent letters manifested any desire to influence the nephew to adopt his principles.

But Dr. deRosset's loyal adherence to the Established Church of England allowed no difference of opinion on such a vital point; and his wife lived and died, with her husband, a member of St. James' Church, Wilmington.

Her hands were full of domestic and maternal cares and nobly did she fulfill her varied duties. Bringing up her children in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and looking well to the ways of her household, truly did the heart of her

*John Fullerton
Died Febr. 20 - 1779
Aged 45 years - 5 months
see his tombstone in Circular
church yard, Charleston
Joshua died Dec. 3 -
aged 28 years, Jan. 1762 - 1790
John, his second son, d.
April 19 - 1769 aged 1*

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husband safely trust in her, and "her children rise up and call her blessed." It seems as though the last chapter of Proverbs might be taken as a memorial of her!

The increasing cares of a growing family did not lessen the claims of hospitality or social enjoyment. Guests were entertained constantly and lavishly; society's demands were met cordially. However simple and innocent the customary amusements may appear to our advanced ideas, they were nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed. Friends would drop in with their sewing (there were no "machines" then) to spend the day in congenial company and friendly chat. The pleasures of the evening were enhanced by the universal love of music. Instruments were rare, but with voices tuned in sweet accord, the girls would sing the dear melodies of "lang syne," and the deep basses and the tenors of their beaux added rich charm to chorus and refrain. Dress was modest and simple; and early hours for retiring were insisted on by the elders.

Grandpa was too busy a man to give much time to gayeties, for which, indeed, he had no taste. His one diversion was the "Nine-penny Whist Club," an organization of twelve gentlemen which became famous for the wit and humor of its members. It was not only for card playing, but for mutual entertainment. Some of its papers (1800-1805) still exist, and are curious reminders of the manners and customs of the early days of the Nineteenth Century. Mr. Robert Muter was the presiding officer, "Emperor," his title, and the club met alternately at the houses of the members. After awhile the meetings became too hilarious to suit the taste (or conscience?) of the more moderate members, and it gradually lapsed into oblivion.

October 10, 1814, Dr. deRosset was commissioned by Governor Hawkins surgeon of the Third Regiment of the North Carolina Militia, raised for the protection of Wilmington and the surrounding country.

He was for many years port physician of Wilmington, and, brought into contact so constantly with seafaring men, he had the greatest interest in their welfare, bodily and spiritual, and they in return held him in affectionate esteem.

He was promoter of the Bible Society of Wilmington, formed in 1816, of which he was at first Vice-president, and Mr. George Hooper, President; but on the resignation of Mr. Hooper the doctor became President. Among the beneficiaries of this society it may well be believed that the mariners, of whom he was the official physician, were remembered. His first annual report is still extant, and exhibits a spirit of personal holiness and reverence for the Holy Scriptures and of gratitude for God's mercies. It concludes with these words:



Kitty Fullerton

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"Let us with grateful hearts adore Him for His goodness to us who so frequently and sinfully neglect to render Him the pleasant and easy tribute of love, adoration and praise so justly His due. Let us fervently implore the continuance of His favor and the invigorating aid of His Holy Spirit to help us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling."

I cannot think there was ever a time when my grandfather was not at heart an earnest Christian; and these devout expressions reveal the work of entire consecration begun in him by the Holy Spirit.

St. James' Church, of which his ancestors were among the founders, was often without a pastor. No Bishop had ever visited this region, and the religious life of her children generally was at a low ebb. At the same time intense loyalty and love for the dear old Church of their fathers and devotion to her matchless Liturgy were not lacking in some of the parishioners of St. James, who did their best to keep it alive by lay services and prayer meetings, and lending to each other every book to be had on Church Doctrine and Personal Religion. Among the debris at the old home were dozens of blank books filled with extracts copied from the rare and valued religious works of the day. Serious and solemn those books may seem to us, but they were highly prized treasures to their pious readers. And certainly they were the fertilizing soil that brought forth in them rich harvests of spiritual life, and grace, and beauty.

An anecdote of one of the prayer meetings has come down to us. It was held at Judge Wright's house about 1815. Our dear grandpa and his saintly wife were present. How rejoiced her prayerful heart must have been when he, for the first time, knelt and took part openly in the services. Her joyful exclamation, "He knelt, he knelt, did you see?" called forth the glad sympathy of every pious heart in the assembly. From that time, there was never a backward step in their religious life.

Denominational lines were not so distinctly marked then as now. "All who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity" were welcome to the services of all the Churches. And when once there came a time that the flock of St. James was without a shepherd, the Methodists held a great revival. The interest extended to all Christians, and many of our people were "converted," generally, however, maintaining their allegiance to their own Churches. There were three exceptions in our family, and, when a few years later, Bishop Moore, of Virginia, made his famous visitation and confirmed nearly a hundred people, who had long waited for that blessing, those three, grown very strong in their new faith, refused to return, and lived long to be shining lights of Methodism. It should

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be noted, however, that almost without exception the descendants of these ladies are now devoted Episcopalians!

The religious life of the deRosset family made an enduring impress upon the community. Duty to God and duty to neighbor went hand in hand. Unceasing, systematic benevolence and charity bore witness to the motive power of the former; while hundreds still live to testify to innumerable loving kindnesses extended to them and theirs.

"Family prayers"—nowadays so sadly fallen into disuse—were then a matter of course. As soon would one neglect private devotions as those of the family altar, conducted by the patriarch of the house. And woe to the belated child who did not get down in time!

The sanctity of the Lord's Day was rigidly enforced. Nobody thought of staying away from Church; books of religious instruction only were allowed to be read; letters, even to absent members of the family, were forbidden. Two Church services, with a sermon at each, and Sunday School, pretty well filled every hour of the day. Indeed, the rigidness of the Puritan "Sabbath Laws" strongly pervaded the devout spirit of the times. Let the conscience of each of us of *these* times say if it were not more conducive to the glory of God and the good of our own souls than the laxity and sacrilege now so prevalent. At any rate, such "holy living" produced men and women of far higher, nobler Christian character than one often sees nowadays, and ended at last in such "holy dying" as would have delighted the heart of good old Jeremy Taylor.

When the deRossets emigrated to the Cape Fear prior to 1735 there was no house of worship in the little hamlet of New Liverpool. St. James' Parish embraced several counties that now appear on the map, and the need of religious services was sadly apparent. Prominent among the promoters of the Church building were Dr. A. J. deRosset I., and his sons, Moses J., I., and Lewis H., who, as King's Councillor, used his influence in its behalf. The first St. James stood half way in the street, midway between Third and Fourth, the sidewalk leading directly into the front entrance. It was twenty years or more in process of erection, and during the Revolutionary War was occupied as a stable for the British troopers. But this is apart from our subject.

The deRossets—father, sons and grandsons—have been from the first wardens, vestrymen, treasurers and lay readers of the Parish; delegates to the Diocesan and General Conventions; and generous contributors to the support and maintenance of the Parish. Among the family papers is the autograph appointment by Bishop Ravenscroft of three lay readers for St. James' Church in 1827, namely: A. J. deRosset, William C. Lord and James Green. The



Residence of A. J. DeRosset, M.D., II
Market and Third Streets
Wilmington, N.C.

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first two named are my grandfathers; the last, a cousin and friend of both the others, and brother of the late Bishop William M. Green, of Mississippi.

Of a kind and genial disposition, Dr. deRosset's home was the abode of hospitality—which was, indeed, regarded as a religious duty, as well as a social pleasure. Relatives and friends were always welcome, and sure of affectionate and generous entertainment; and multitudes of strangers have lived to bless the day when, if not "angel visitors" themselves, they were treated as such by the Christian courtesy of a large-hearted, hospitable host. The "prophet's chamber" was kept sacred to its proper use and rarely was unoccupied. Among those whom I specially remember his entertaining were old Bishop Chase—whose black skull cap was the first I had ever seen and which, therefore, made a lasting impression—and Bishop Cobbs, of Alabama, whose little child died in my grandfather's home, and was buried in his family vault in St. James' churchyard. An instance of his hospitality is worthy of record, because of its lasting results.

In the summer of 1838 the steamer "Pulaski," bound from Savannah to New York, was burned off the coast near Wilmington, with fearful loss of life. Among the few passengers saved were Mr. G. B. Lamar, of Georgia, his sister and one son. His wife and six other children perished. The survivors were rescued after three days' exposure to a blazing sun, without food or water; and, in this pitiable condition, they were taken by Dr. deRosset to his home, where for many weeks they were tenderly nursed by his daughters. A warm, life-long friendship resulted; and when, a few years later, a second marriage brought a son to Mr. Lamar, he was given the name of deRosset. The compliment was returned by giving the Lamar name to a grandson of the doctor about the same age. A beautiful silver tea service was a tangible token of affectionate gratitude from Mr. Lamar, and is now owned by his namesake, Armand Lamar deRosset.

As master of his slaves, Dr. deRosset was merciful and indulgent, winning the respect and affection of the large corps of well-trained servants, each one of whom felt a personal interest in all domestic affairs, performing admirably his or her appointed duty. They were taught the sanctity of the marriage bond. Husband and wife, parent and child, were never separated. Their religious instruction was faithfully carried on by their young mistresses, and so well did they profit by it that after emancipation several of them became Methodist ministers to congregations of their own race, but never failed to attribute their success and usefulness to the teaching of "Miss Lizzie and Miss Mag." The mutual affection thus established has in many instances been continued by their descendants in these happy days of "freedom." I have old letters written

*see pamphlet
story of this
disaster which
I have*

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by some of the servants during and since the late war, which I think testify to the truth of my statements. The writer of some of them, Rev. William Thurber, was for years a prominent minister to his race; and "Jimmy," who was my father's trusty man about the office, became the Rev. James Telfair, who did much to build up the large congregation of St. Stephen's colored church of this city. Others of them were also trusted and valuable servants and have done well for themselves and their families in later years.

The law prohibited teaching slaves to read and write, being forced to do so on account of the incendiary tracts, etc., sent out by Northern abolitionists. These papers flooded the South, the very shoes that came out with plantation supplies being stuffed with such documents. But the desire of the slaves for learning, the house servants especially, was sometimes gratified, and many of them attained some degree of education.

My grandfather was short in stature, being not over five feet, four inches, with light blue eyes and ruddy complexion; not handsome, though a benign expression lent a pleasing and attractive appearance to his countenance. Those who had seen the portrait of his French ancestor, Dr. Armand I., said that he was very much like it.

In dress he was neat, but never extreme in fashion, wearing always a full white linen stock, made and kept spotless by the care of his devoted daughters. The knee-breeches and buckles, the silk stockings and the queue of that period were not discarded until his fiftieth birthday. He was the last gentleman of his day in this part of the country to conform to the more modern style of dress.

His habits were methodical and rigidly adhered to. He rose at a very early hour, getting out with his trusty walking stick before dawn, in time to hear the watchman's cry, "Five o'clock—all's well," as long as that custom continued, keeping his habit up, indeed, almost to the very last.

Temperate in all things, free from every vice, he knew not, except from hearsay, what "dissipation" meant. His daughter, Mrs. Kennedy, writes:

"Brought up in the times when the idea prevailed that malaria could be averted only by stimulants, he was habituated from early life to a daily 'dram' of very weak rum and water; but, finding that his example was cited by several as an excuse for their indulgence, he laid it aside until, in old age, he was urged by his brother physicians to 'take a little wine for his stomach's sake,' and to brace his waning strength. And then it was usually blackberry, or other simple medicinal concoctions."

I have never even heard that he carried the inevitable snuff box of those days. My grandfather had no political aspirations; nor did he covet distinction in

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any shape save in the performance of every duty to the best of his ability. Nevertheless, he was a man of public spirit, fully alive to the interests of the community, and commanded by his integrity and force of character the highest respect of his fellow-citizens. He was repeatedly made Justice of the Peace, a higher honor then than now.

In 1822, he was elected director of the Bank of Cape Fear, and, until his death, thirty-seven years later, was annually re-elected. "There was no post more important or more eagerly sought in this mercantile community. In the discharge of its functions, Dr. deRosset was regular in attendance at the sessions of the board; a faithful, fearless and independent officer; and rendered the bank much valuable service." So writes Dr. Thos. H. Wright, the president of the bank at the time of grandpa's death.

He was a large subscriber to the first cotton factory established in North Carolina (The Rockfish Company), holding shares to the amount of \$10,000. The dividends of this company and its products in goods were of immense value to his heirs during the hard times of the Civil War. He was also a subscriber to a like amount to the stock of the first railroad in the State (The Wilmington & Raleigh, later the Wilmington & Weldon, and now incorporated into the Atlantic Coast Line System). Indeed, no public enterprise was inaugurated that did not find in him a liberal supporter.

The doctor's practice was very large, extending through all the adjoining counties. When I first recollect it, his "shop" was on the northwest corner of Front and Market streets, and was reached by quite a flight of steps. I well recall a big silver Spanish dollar that was given me for bravely submitting to the extraction of a jaw tooth by the great tongs-like iron pincers used in dentistry of those times—for doctors were dentists then as well.

There were no drug stores until 1838. Up to that time every physician kept his own supplies, including jujube paste, and peppermint drops, and liquorice root—the "treats" of all good children. They compounded their own prescriptions and furnished the needs of the public in that line.

His visits were frequent and lengthy, his patients often twenty or thirty miles distant (McRee says fifty or even sixty), but whether rich or poor, far or near, his attention and skill were equally—often gratuitously—bestowed. His mode of conveyance was a vehicle called the "stick chair." Old "Spot" was the much petted and valued horse (he lived over twenty years), and "Tommy" was the faithful negro groom and driver.

It was the custom of the proprietors of the great rice plantations along the river to pay their physicians a stated yearly salary for attending their

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families and slaves; but as these planters were notoriously impecunious, it may well be supposed that the services rendered were generally largely in excess of the payment received—one, two or three hundred dollars, as the case might be. The long dreary rides over Mt. Misery sand hills, or across the two ferries and the swamps of Eagles' Island, were, indeed, poorly compensated. Nevertheless, the doctor prospered financially and "by industry and assiduity, he soon won the esteem of the public, and obtained a share of patronage second only to that of Dr. Nat Hill." His patients were soothed by sympathy and tenderness which, especially towards the female sufferer, were almost feminine.

MOSES JOHN DEROSSET, M. D., II.

Son of Dr. A. J. deRossett II. by His First Wife, Mary Fullerton.

b. February 11, 1796—d. July 1, 1826.

Educated at the classical school of Rev. Mr. Bingham (the elder), in Hillsborough, he matriculated at Chapel Hill in 1814, Dr. Caldwell, his father's old Princeton friend, being then President. Graduating in 1816, he went to the New York Medical College, and also attended a special course of lectures under the celebrated Dr. Physick. Receiving his degree in 1820, he joined his father, under the firm name of deRosset & Son, in the practice of medicine, in Wilmington. He was an enthusiastic practitioner, and his successful treatment of yellow fever during the epidemic of 1821 won for him a high reputation in his profession. He was much interested in the study of climatic influence upon disease, and kindred branches of science, especially meteorology, and for years kept a regular record of weather conditions, which still exists.

In February, 1826, he was married to Sarah E. Waddell, daughter of Mr. John Waddell; but she, with his other loved ones, was soon called to mourn his untimely end. At the age of thirty, July 1, 1826, he was called away, and his poor father's fondest hopes were crushed. Amiable, affectionate and generous in his nature, and of strictly honorable principles, he won the love and respect of all who knew him. In the prime of life, in the midst of usefulness, and with the brightest prospects of professional distinction and of domestic happiness, the comfort and stay of his devoted father, his death was a sore affliction.

His wife long survived him, but never married, and died in 1862.

The family hopes thus centered in the only remaining son, my father, Dr. Armand John deRosset, Jr., who, in 1824, at the early age of sixteen years

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and eight months, had graduated at the North Carolina University and was at this time pursuing his medical studies.

Already the health of my grandmother, "sweet Kitty Fullerton," had begun to fail, and for nearly twenty years she was a constant sufferer from a painful, wasting disease.

I was but seven years old when she died, and remember her only as an invalid, sitting on a low chair before a table, on which always lay a large open Bible; patient, cheerful, full of love and sympathy for all; comforting the sorrowful; stimulating the timid and wavering with loving counsel and wise precept; and by beautiful example guiding others, as she herself stepped Heavenward. Later, as her disease progressed and confined her to bed, it was my pride and delight to please her by repeating the Sunday texts, and telling all I could remember of Dr. Drane's sermons. Then, sitting on the edge of her bed, I would say my catechism, collect and hymn, and get my reward in a loving kiss of approval. There must have been some wonderful charm about her to have impressed these childhood's incidents upon my mind as among the enduring blessed memories of my life.

Grandma's mother, Mrs. Fullerton, used to make long visits to Wilmington, though her home was with her daughter, Mrs. Righton, in Charleston. Some family letters regarding her last illness and death are extant, and give a vivid illustration of the awful realities of death and eternity as conceived by earnest Christian people of that period. Mrs. Fullerton was not only dearly loved by her daughters, but they ardently admired her.

Kitty (Mrs. deRosset) was something of an artist and when quite young she painted in oil a portrait of her mother. Finding herself successful in that effort, she undertook a picture of herself, seated in front of a mirror, with her eyes coyly turned in that direction.

On March 9, 1837, the saintly wife, the long-suffering, tenderly loved mother, was called to the presence of the King of kings, to whose service she had been so loyal, so faithful, so loving and true! The picture of her, as she lay in her burial robes upon the bed whereon for so many years she had patiently suffered, is indelibly printed on my memory. Watching through my own blinding tears the kneeling figures of her best beloved ones—husband, daughters and son—weeping for their loss, but sorrowing not as those without hope, for they *knew* she was among the blessed who are "accepted in the Beloved." For her

"Death's but another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think; but enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

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Nor was it only her family who mourned her loss. The sorrow was universal at home and abroad; for wherever her friends and acquaintances might be her influence was widely felt; and she was dearly beloved by all of every degree. Her children never spoke of her but with tones hushed and reverent, as of one too sacred for common speech.

Peace, eternal peace be hers!

From that time his daughters were the tender guardians of their beloved father, ministering to his comforts and happiness, conducting the affairs of the household, and following in all respects the blessed example of her who had gone before.

A sad bereavement befell us on March 4, 1850, in the death of dear "Aunt Mag," the devoted, practical, energetic, unselfish, helpful daughter of the family. It was only two months before my marriage, and in preparation for that event she had been as deeply interested as a second mother, and such a cloud of sorrow could but cast a heavy shadow upon the brightness of that happy event. When my little daughter came (the first of her generation as I was of mine) no name was dear enough for her but that of my second mother, and we called her Magdalene deRosset. Five years after she sped on angel wings to find the beloved unknown auntie in God's Paradise on high!

Perhaps no woman of the community could have been so sadly missed. She was so full of loving sympathy and helpfulness in joy or sorrow; so unselfish; so pure in heart. But God took her to His Home, and we of the earthly home thank Him upon every remembrance of her! She died of what now would be called appendicitis; its treatment was then unknown.

Her dying request was that a portion of the inheritance which would have been hers might be given "In Memoriam" to Church extension, and grandpa gave as such a lot for the erection of St. John's Church, which was shortly afterward built.

Upon Aunt Lizzie devolved the care of the outdoor poor, including the County Home. This institution was visited by her almost daily and its inmates were benefited by her spiritual ministrations as well as by her generous relief of their bodily needs.

A distressing accident, resulting in the dislocation and breaking of the hip-bone, limited her sphere of active charity, but patiently submitting to the Father's will there was still much she could do for the glory of God. Always unselfish and uncomplaining, her daily walk and conversation was in itself a blessing to all around her. Partially recovering from her injury, but lame



Breakfast Urn of the deRosset Family

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forever, after she lived for many years leaning upon the everlasting arms of mercy and love, and at last in her eighty-seventh year, fell asleep and went to Paradise, October 10th, 1888.

Grandpa's oldest daughter, Catherine (one of the three converts to Methodism mentioned above), married Rev. William Kennedy, of the North Carolina Conference in December, 1834, and after her mother's death, in 1837, she, being then a widow and having the care of her youngest step-daughter, Catharine Kennedy, aged seven years, returned to Wilmington and made her home ever after with her father. She was a woman of deep piety, and her life was full of charity and good works. She was President of the Benevolent Society of Wilmington and founder of the Old Ladies' Home, which, since her death, perpetuates her benefaction under the name of the "Catherine Kennedy Home for Old Ladies."

Her temperament was artistic and very skilfully she wielded the artist's pen and brush, using her talent for the pleasure or benefit of friends and neighbors. She also had a goodly share of the poetic gift of the family, as the following lines of a fragment of blank verse, found in her desk, will manifest:

"A sad remembrance comes of years long past;
The friends of childhood one by one seem near;
I hear their voices—meet them as they pass,
And join the merry throng.
Forgetful that the hand of Time
Will touch each gleeful one of that gay crowd,
And leave at last but one lone remnant of the little band
To weep as friend, and friend again, is called
From joys of Earth to mingle with the dead.
One goes in early youth—another waits
Till hoary hairs are seen; and weary steps
That sought from week to week the House of God,
Led to the truth at length, not gloriously, but bright
With blessed Hope of Immortality. My friends
Whom I have loved on Earth I trust to meet
In that blest Home for faithful ones prepared,
Where nevermore shall sorrow darken bliss,
Nor pain, nor sickness, nor farewell shall come."

Having outlived all her contemporaries, on Christmas Eve, 1889, Mrs. Kennedy entered into her eternal rest, in the ninetieth year of her age, beloved and lamented by thousands of all classes, whose lives had been blessed by her pious example.

The Angel of Death had, long before these times of sorrow, called the beloved

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

father home. Passing peacefully into the serenity of beautiful old age, he entered into rest April 1st, 1859, in the ninety-second year of his age.

Requiescat in Pace.

At the annual meeting of the Medical Society of North Carolina, May, 1859, a biographical sketch of Dr. deRosset, "an honorary member of the society," was presented, after which a resolution was adopted, from which I extract the following:

"Resolved: That in the exalted character of the deceased in all the relations of life, and in his long and ardent attachment to the profession of medicine, he has left us, individually, a bright example for our imitation, and to this Society, as one of its oldest and most esteemed Honorary Members, the memory of a character venerable in age and full of honor."

Extract from the Records of the New Hanover County Medical Society.

"Present: Dr. Jas. H. Dickson, President; and Drs. Anderson, Thomas, McRee, Wright, Cutlar, Beery, Potter, and Medway.

Committee, appointed to prepare resolutions relative to the death of Dr. A. J. deRosset, reported through Dr. J. H. Dickson, the following, which are adopted unanimously:

Whereas: It has pleased the All-wise Disposer of Events to call from this transitory life, at the very advanced age of ninety-one years, our venerable and highly esteemed professional friend and "confrère"—Dr. Armand J. deRosset, Senior, we esteem it a duty, as well as a melancholy privilege, to place upon record, an united testimonial of our exalted appreciation of his character, both as a man and as a physician.

Though by many years the senior of those engaged in the active duties of the medical profession; there are some among us, who have had the advantage of profiting in consultation, by the skill and large experience of this Nestor of our profession, now no more among the living; and, who have had the opportunity of observing the calm wisdom of his intellect, and the uniform kindness and courtesy of his manner, which, indeed, seemed to ripen with advancing years.

After finishing his collegiate course at Princeton, A. J. deRosset became a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, and was one of the earliest graduates of the Medical College of the City.

He had thus availed himself of the best means, which the time and the country afforded, to prepare himself for the arduous and important duties of his professional life.

Commencing his profession in the last decade of the last century, he continued in the active performance of his duties, until a few years past, when the growing pressure of years rendered him physically incompetent for its labors, while his intellect preserved its integrity to the close of his life.

For several months past, it became painfully apparent to his friends that his strength was failing, and that the close of his earthly career was near at hand.

Of this no one was better assured than himself, and it was consolatory to observe the calm and resignation with which he contemplated the approach of dissolution—not the calmness of the Stoic, but the peaceful, serene resignation of the Christian; for our venerable friend was of the highest type of man—the Christian Gentleman.

During his life he was an honor to the medical profession of the State, and after having served several generations faithfully and acted his part worthily upon earth, he has at length been gathered to his fathers, full of years and full of honors,



Mrs. Mosely Ashley Curtis
(Mary Jane DeRosset)
1813-1903

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

‘having now
The bound of man’s appointed years, at last
Life’s blessings all enjoyed, life’s labor done,
Serenely to his final rest, has past;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright
Sun is set.’

He has both in his life and in his death, left us an example worthy of our imitation.

His professional attainments were of a high order, and no doubt contributed to the elevation of the professional character in our State; while his sterling qualities as a man and a Christian reflect their additional lustre upon it.

Let it be our aim, by the practice of like virtues, to elevate ourselves, our profession and our State.

Resolved: That, while we condole with his surviving relations in the bereavement which they have sustained, we rejoice with them at the bright legacy which has been left them of a noble character erected on a basis of spotless integrity and a well spent life.

The Secretary was directed to send the family of the deceased a copy of the above; and, also to furnish copies to the local Press and to the N. C. Medical Journal.

JAS. H. DICKSON, Prest.

F. W. POTTER, Secty.”

MARY JANE (DEROSSET) CURTIS.

April 10, 1813—July 21, 1903.

The Youngest of Dr. deRosset’s Children and the Last Survivor of Her Generation.

She married December 3, 1834, the Rev. Moses Ashley Curtis, D. D. (1808-1872), for thirty-seven years an honored Priest of the Diocese of North Carolina.

Her character was one of singular purity and loveliness. The law of love was in her heart and governed her life; from a perennial fountain of unselfish thoughtfulness for others, she poured out treasures of helpfulness, sympathy and consolation for the needy, the suffering, the sorrowful. Intelligent and cultivated, courteous and genial, her companionship was a joy and delight to old and young alike. Her influence for good was unbounded, and her very presence was a benediction to all who come within its sphere.

In full sympathy with the intellectual and scientific pursuits of her learned and accomplished husband, she gave all the time she could spare from the cares of a large family to share the enjoyment of his library and literary work.

Her life was burdened with many cares and chastened by many sorrows, yet always her handmaidens, Faith, Hope and Charity, would lead her out of the cloud into the sunshine of God’s love to find comfort and peace. Her large-

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

hearted charity, aided by a systematic habit of tithing, enabled her to contribute to many worthy benevolent objects which otherwise her limited resources could not have afforded.

In later years the infirmities of age kept her mostly confined to the house, but her faculties were unimpaired, and she continued busy with her household occupations to the very last. More and more she became the idol of her home; and as the evening shadows gathered, her loved ones combined to make the golden sunset brighter by their tender ministrations. Her birthdays were looked forward to with keen anticipation of joyful family reunion, and towards the last they became veritable love-feasts. Family and friends vied with each other to do honor and give happiness to the loved ones. Tokens of affectionate remembrance came from far and near; garlands of flowers converted the rooms into bowers of beauty and filled them with fragrance. The great birthday cake with its eighty-odd candles shed radiant light upon the scene. Sweet music, vocal and instrumental, lent its charm, and with the rest her voice joined in hymns of praise and thanksgiving, or in the sweet melodies of the olden time, or the rich harmonies of Handel's grand choruses, which she dearly loved.

Endowed with many and varied gifts, every child of the family would bring its special talent into requisition for the "Little Granny's" pleasure—love tokens of their own dainty needle, pen or pencil, and sometimes a love poem. One of these, "A Birthday Greeting," ran thus:

A Birthday Greeting.

What shall I wish thee for the coming year?
Twelve months of dream-like ease? No care? No pain?
Bright spring—calm summer—autumn without rain
Of bitter tears? Would'st have it thus, my friend?
What lessons then were learnt at the year's end?

What shall I wish thee then? God knoweth well
If I could have my way, no shade of woe
Should ever dim thy sunshine—but I know
Strong courage is not learnt in happy sleep,
Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.

Ah, would my wishes were of more avail
To keep thee from the many jars of life!
Still, let me wish the Courage for the strife—
The Happiness that comes of work well done—
And afterwards the Peace of victory won.

"LITTLE MIN."

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

Another tribute was "A Study in Color:"

My Sweetheart—A Study in Color.

"The color of your eyes? How can I tell?
The color where the sweetest looks can dwell.
Your eyes are heaven, and therefore must be blue,
The tender color of my love for you.

The color of your cheek? How answer this?
The color that the sweetest is to kiss.
That feels like apple-blossoms, sweet and light,
It must be, like those blossoms, pink and white.

The color of your lips? How shall I say?
The color where the brightest smiles can stay.
Where tender curves and dimples sweet and red—
A color soft and warm—it must be red.

The color of your hair? How shall I know?
'Tis far more bright than any sunbeam's glow.
Its meshes hold my heart-strings throbbing weight.
It must be silver, for the bands are bright."

M. B.

With characteristic modesty, she shrank from adulation, yet she would graciously accept the homage of their loving devotion and express her grateful appreciation.

At last the strife of life was o'er, and one summer night she fell asleep in Jesus. Angels bore her ransomed soul to the "Land of Pure Delight," where her husband and five of her children, who had gone before, were waiting at Heaven's gate to give her glad welcome. These were: William White, Armand deRosset, John Henry, Magdalene and Caroline.

Her surviving children are:

1. Ashley Curtis, b. April 29, 1842, m. Mary K. Nash, April 29, 1873.

2. Rev. Charles Jared Curtis, b. November 5, 1848, m. Margaret Iglehart.

3 and 4. Catherine Fullerton and Elizabeth deRosset, unmarried.

5. Mary Louise ("Minna"), widow of Rev. Wm. S. Bynum, b. 1850.

Rev. W. A. Curtis, D. D. (b. in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1808, d. in Hillsboro, N. C., 1872), was of the best Puritan stock of Massachusetts. Son of Rev. Jared Curtis and Thankful Ashley, daughter of General Ashley, of Revolutionary fame. He was a graduate of Williams College. His father removed to Charlestown, Mass., where he was for many years chaplain to the State's Prison. His son connected himself with the Church of the Advent, Boston, under the ministry of Rev. Wm. Croswell. In October, 1830, he removed to Wilmington, N. C., as tutor in the family of Governor E. B. Dudley. He returned to Boston

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

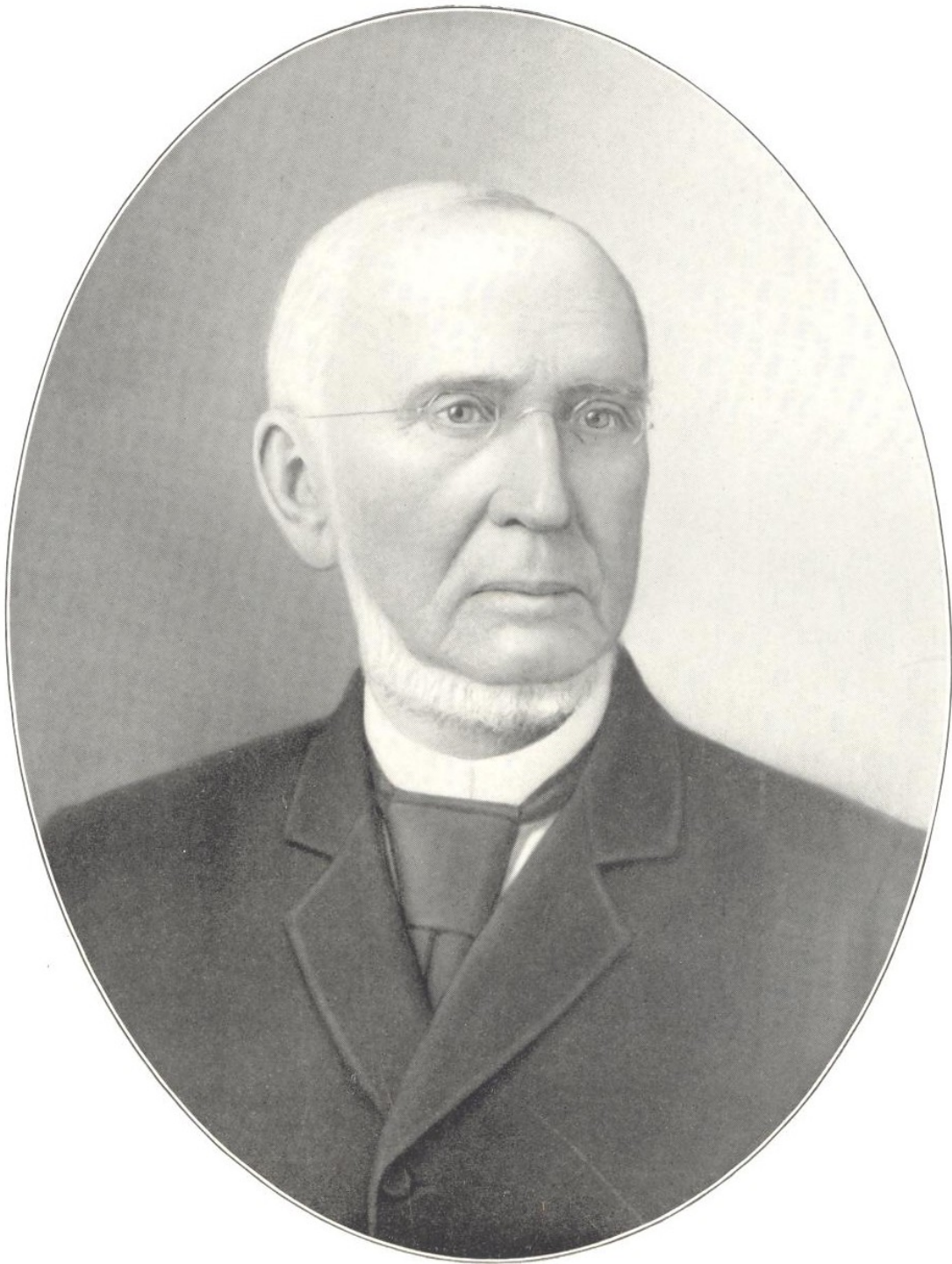
in 1833, to pursue his studies for the ministry and, returning to Wilmington the following year, was ordained Deacon by Bishop Moore, of Virginia, in 1835. At once he entered on Deacon's work, as a pioneer Missionary in the mountains of North Carolina—his wife making many rough journeys with him in that rough region. For about two years he was headmaster of the Diocesan School for Boys in Raleigh, and during that time was advanced to the Priesthood. In 1841 he became Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Hillsboro, N. C., where almost the whole of his ministerial life was spent, and where he died.

Though a Massachusetts man and opposed to secession, he was an ardent Southerner in his feelings and two of his sons were in the Confederate Army—one of whom, John Henry, was killed by a sharpshooter just at the close of the war.

No sketch of Dr. Curtis' life work would be complete without noticing the international fame he attained as a scientist, and especially as a botanist. These scientific pursuits were continued throughout his life. He became associated personally and by constant correspondence and exchange of specimens with many of the leading botanists and was recognized as one of the world's famous scientists. Some of his important works, among them "Edible Fungi," illustrated in color by himself, were never published, but after his death Harvard University came into the possession of much of his collection, as did Smithsonian Institute. 107

Another gift of this many-sided man was that of music. To a high order of talent he added a fine voice in singing, and an unusual degree of cultivation in performing and of skill in composition. None of his works has ever been published, but a beautiful anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," is well known by those who loved him. It was composed by himself for his own ordination. Other musical composition would be well worthy of note, in anthem, hymn and chant form.

Dr. Curtis' enthusiastic interest in the founding of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., must be placed on record. He was on the original Board of Trustees and one of the Committee on Location. When the Committee reached the superb spot on the mountain top where now stands the great University group of buildings, it was Dr. Curtis who, under the temple canopy of the grand forest trees, started the Gloria in Excelsis, in which all present joined with glad and thankful hearts.



Armand John DeRosset, M.D., III
1807—1897

CHAPTER II.

ARMAND JOHN DEROSSET, M. D., III.

1807—Dec. 9, 1897.

"His be the praise, who looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial hand,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To be—not to be thought—an honest man."

On Thursday morning, December 9, 1897, the soul of Dr. Armand John deRosset III. passed from its earthly tabernacle to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. He was the only surviving son of the father whose honored name he bore, and died in the house where he was born, over ninety years before. His life spanned the cycle of the Nineteenth Century from its first to its last decade, and through all those years of mortal life he walked among his fellow-men, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," the highest type of Nature's nobleman—a Christian gentleman.

Reared in such a home as has been described in the sketch of his father's life, and guided by the influence and example of his pious parents, it is not surprising that he grew up a model of every manly virtue. Under the thorough instruction and strict discipline of the teachers of those days, his education advanced so rapidly that in the spring of 1821, in his fourteenth year, he entered the Sophomore Class at the University of North Carolina and "graduated in good standing," with the degree of A. B., in the class of 1824, at the age of sixteen years and eight months. Men of his day long remembered "the extraordinary matriculation of this little lad of remarkable intellectual gifts" who came to college in charge of a faithful servant, and was known to his fellow-students by the sobriquet of "Little Breeches." For many years he was senior alumnus of his alma mater.

It was his wish to adopt a military career, but his father opposed it and he "finally drifted" into the traditional medical profession of the family. In the winter of 1826-27 he took his first course at the South Carolina College of Medicine, but the following year, attracted by the superior clinical advantages of a larger city, he went to the University of Pennsylvania, where, in 1828, "after an examination which occupied only twenty-five minutes in the dreaded green room, he easily obtained his degree of M. D. at the same institution where his father

ANNALS OF THE DE ROSSET FAMILY

had graduated nearly forty years before." The surgical branch of medical science interested him greatly, but the daily routine of country and city practise was distasteful, and, notwithstanding the urgent appeals of patients, friends and citizens, he determined to abandon the profession.

Turning his attention to mercantile pursuits, in 1839 he entered into a partnership with Mr. J. P. Brown in the establishment of a general commission business, of which he was the head in Wilmington. His broad intelligence and sound judgment, his high sense of truth and honor and absolute integrity won the trust and confidence of business men at home and abroad, and gave to the firm such extensive patronage that it soon became recognized as one of the prominent commercial houses of the country. His word was his bond. At a time of commercial depression, when property might have been legally retained by the compromise of debt, his high ideals of personal honor and rectitude were supremely manifested; but *mens conscia recti* was far more precious to him than the possession of any amount of property could be, and in the evening of his days his beautiful home, with other valuable properties, was sacrificed and the debts were paid.

Reduced in circumstances, with no vain regrets for the affluence he had enjoyed for over three score years and ten, he accepted the position of clerk in an insurance office, without loss of self-respect or honor with the community, working for the support of himself and those dependent on him. This wonderful rebound of energy—this spirit of independence—this uncomplaining acceptance of adversity—I regard as the crowning glory of my father's *character*, the joyous sunset hues brightening the close of a well spent life. As a citizen, Dr. deRosset's public spirit kept him alive to the interests of his State in promoting internal improvements for the development of her vast resources. He was promoter, stockholder and director in many public enterprises; one of the first subscribers to the stock of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, and for fifty-five years on its Board of Directors. An extract from his "Reminiscences" may be aptly quoted in this connection. Written when he was well advanced in years, at the solicitation of his children, he tells the story of his missions to England in the interests of that railroad:

"Among the incidents of my life, to which I look back with pleasure and some degree of pride, is the successful negotiation which I made in 1849, as the chosen agent of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad Company, of \$520,000 of its bonds in England, in exchange for iron rails for the track of the road, which had been previously made of wooden scantling with strap iron spiked on, all the way, 162 miles, from Wilmington to Weldon.

ANNALS OF THE DE ROSSET FAMILY

I was one of the original subscribers to the stock of the company, and am now, I believe, the only surviving one, and have been a member of the Board of Directors almost from its first organization. The road was completed in 1837; had done and was doing a large business, with the prospect of very large increase from the construction of the North Carolina Road and the Wilmington & Manchester Road, which were about to be constructed. But a few years before, I was called upon to undertake the negotiation above referred to; after experience of twelve years, the conclusion had been arrived at that without an iron track the company never could be successful. Its property was mortgaged to the State, to which it owed six or seven hundred thousand dollars, and its credit at home had fallen so low that the principal merchant of Wilmington, Mr. Alexander Anderson, had refused to fill an order for one dozen shovels to clear up the rubbish of a burnt building in the company's yard.

Finding it impossible to conduct the business of the company under such circumstances, the directors applied to the Legislature, in 1847 or 1848, for an endorsement by the State of the company's bonds for the purpose of purchasing iron rails. The members were generally very favorably inclined towards the company, but fearing that it would not be a popular measure to involve the State by the proposed endorsement, they declined to do so and offered, as an alternative, to waive the State's mortgage on the property of the road and so give the company a clean title upon which the necessary credit could be based for the security of the debt to be contracted for the purchase of iron rails.

Feeling, as I did, great confidence in the future success of the road with an iron track, and with the prospect of largely increased business to result from the completion of the new works above mentioned, I consented to accept the mission to which I was called, and after satisfying myself that nothing could be done in this country, either by a sale of the bonds to capitalists or by treating with manufacturers by taking them in payment for rails, I sailed for Liverpool in the Cunard steamer "America" in May, 1849.

I soon found that a sale of the bonds could not be effected in England to any of the large capitalists, and was advised by Messrs. Geo. Peabody & Co. to confine my efforts to direct negotiation with iron manufacturers for the purchase of rails, to be paid for with the bonds which I had in charge. At first success seemed very doubtful and I feared that I should have to return home without accomplishing anything; but, after persevering for a time, I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Radcliffe, managing partner of the great house of Bailey Brothers, of Liverpool, and succeeded in convincing him that my views as to the future success of the company were well founded, and that the transaction proposed

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

would be safe and profitable to his firm. He agreed to furnish the rails we wanted at a price somewhat above the cash market value, to pay the freight and duties, and deliver them at Wilmington, but on condition that he must first consult and receive the sanction of his senior partner before concluding so large and important a transaction. He was very confident that the trade would be confirmed by the Messrs. Bailey and, in fact, did have the consent of one of them residing in Liverpool. The senior brother, being a Member of Parliament, then in session in London, Mr. Radcliffe went there for consultation with him, and appointed a day to give me a final answer at Morley's Hotel.

When the day arrived, I was appalled, upon meeting Mr. Radcliffe, to hear that, without looking into the statement and arguments I had submitted fully in writing, Mr. Bailey positively vetoed the transaction, and that he could do nothing further in the matter.

He seemed much disappointed and mortified, and then for the first time informed me that "The Coalbrookdale & Ebbvale Company" was to have taken half the contract in case of its having been made. He gave me a note of introduction to his friend, Mr. Robinson, secretary of the company, and hoped I might succeed in negotiating with them.

Mr. Robinson had consented to take half the contract without any knowledge of the facts, simply relying on his confidence in Mr. Radcliffe. At Mr. Robinson's request, I went over the whole case with him, and left my written papers to be submitted to his company.

After full discussion and consideration, the company agreed that they would take half the contract, on condition that I could get some other manufacturer to take the other half, and with the important modification that the rails should be delivered "free on board" at some English or Welsh port, the purchasing company to provide for the freight and duties.

This at first seemed to be an impossible condition, but, after much difficulty, I succeeded in inducing Mr. Sampson Ricardo, an Italian merchant of London, to take the other half; and the contracts were closed.

Shipments were promptly commenced, and my mission, so happily concluded, proved to be a turning point in the history of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, which soon began to pay dividends to the stockholders, and its prosperity has continued, with some interruptions, until now it is one of the most valuable and powerful corporations in the South.

During the war it became a most valuable channel for the transportation of troops and supplies for the Confederacy; but before the close its track and rolling stock were almost entirely destroyed, and, finally, was held by the United



Eliza J. Lord, 1819—1876
Wife of Dr. A.J. DeRosset 3rd

ANNALS OF THE DE ROSSET FAMILY

States Government as a military road until the fall of 1865, when it was given up to the company, almost a complete wreck. The company's bonds, issued in 1849, were then within four years of maturity. A number of the coupons which became due during the war remained unpaid, and there were no funds to provide for them, or for the large amount required for repairs and for the re-equipment of the road.

I was again called upon by the company to visit England for the purpose of making a new loan to provide for these urgent needs, and to arrange with the bondholders for the extension for fifteen years of the time of the maturity of the bonds.

I accepted the mission, and sailed from New York in the Cunard steamship "Australian" early in October, 1865, with my wife and our son, Frederick, then nine years old. And after succeeding in accomplishing all the objects and wishes of the company, and placing their finances in as comfortable a condition as could be desired, we returned in the same steamship, reaching home safely in March, 1866.

I ought to add that I made no charge and received no compensation from the company for my services on either of the missions which I so successfully accomplished, and which were so essential for the promotion of its prosperity."

It is not my purpose to write a biography of my father. Others more capable have done that so recently, so fully, so lovingly, that it would be superfluous for me to attempt it. Rather would I recall him in the sacred privacy of his domestic circle as husband, father, friend.

At the age of twenty-one and a half years, May 13, 1829, he brought to his father's house a young wife, just seventeen, Eliza ^{JANE} Lord, daughter of William C. and Eliza (Hill) Lord—life-long friends and neighbors of the family.

To use his own words, their "union was blessed with as perfect happiness as can be enjoyed in this life for forty-seven years."

The families of Lord and Hill were among the earliest settlers of the Cape Fear section and resided at Brunswick until the inhabitants of that town were compelled, for greater security during the Revolutionary War, to abandon it and remove to Wilmington, fifteen miles further up the river. Here their descendants to the present day have been among the most respected and honored citizens—as are also their many relatives in other States. Both families are of English ancestry and of the best New England stock. William Hill (1734-1783), a graduate of Harvard University, in the class of 1754, emigrated to Cape Fear in 1756, and married in 1757 Margaret Moore, of the distinguished family of that name who founded the Cape Fear colony, in 1723. The tomb

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of this estimable couple is in good preservation in the old burial ground of St. Philip's Church, and bears, in part, this inscription:

"Here lye deposited the remains of the Honble Wm. Hill, aged 47, and his wife, Margaret Moore, aged 84. He was possessed of every virtue that adorns the Man. She of all that could endear the Wife, or cause the Mother to be revered and loved. They lived eminently respected and esteemed and so lamented died."

In the same churchyard lie the remains of William Lord, founder of the North Carolina branch of this family, with his wife, Margaret Espey, and many of their descendants. His great-grandson, William C. Lord, 1793-1847, and his wife, Eliza Hill, 1794-1875, granddaughter of the above William and Margaret Hill, were the parents of my mother, Eliza J. Lord deRosset.

Our beautiful home, hallowed by the daily Morning Sacrifice of Prayer and Thanksgiving, was the abode of refinement and culture where all that could offend good taste was banished and innocent amusement and pleasure encouraged. It was noted for its elegant entertainments, its lavish hospitality, its innumerable acts of loving kindness to friends, and charity to the needy. Leaders in the social world, happy in each other and in their children and large circle of friends, our parents were blessed with all that earthly hearts could desire or Christian hope look forward to.

My father was not a poet, but he often indulged in versification; he was wont to send notes and telegrams of sympathy or congratulation in rhyme, which brought forth similar responses and afforded much innocent enjoyment. Among his cherished treasures is a "Book of Remembrance," containing hundreds of tributes penned by those who loved him—sometimes quotations, but often original. I do not scruple to appropriate one of these as a specimen of the sentiment that pervaded them all:

"Reverent and tender and true! Let me see,
What more can I say of my dear love for thee,
My father, my friend and my guide all these years.
Most precious thou art to thy daughter—

KATE MEARES.

Some of his fugitive poems have the true poetic ring, and I cannot refrain from transcribing here, as worthy of preservation, his paraphrase of

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father in Heaven, to Thee we pray
That Thy great name may hallowed be,
Thy Kingdom come. Oh! haste the day
When all the world shall bow to Thee,
When Thy blest will shall have full sway
And earth, like Heaven, from sin be free.

Sustain, O Lord! our bodies frail.
Preserve our souls with Bread of Life.
Forgive our sins. Let us not fail
Our foes to bless, and keep from strife.

Whene'er the tempter's wiles assail,
Do Thou be near and keep us pure.
May Thy good Spirit never fail
To be our Guide forevermore.

Glory and Power to Thee belong.
In Thy dread Presence we appear
Only in name of Christ, Thy Son,
Who taught us thus to make our prayer.
Amen.

September 18, 1889.

Conspicuous for loyal devotion to the Church, where were centered his holiest affections, it was from Her sacred teachings that came the inspiration of all that was noblest and best in his character and in his daily life. And it was from her appreciation of his true worth that came the honors he valued above all others. He was Warden, Vestryman, Deputy to Diocesan and General Councils, Treasurer of the Diocese, Chairman of the Committees on Canons and on the State of the Church. In short, he held every ecclesiastical position that could be filled by a layman. His most intimate and beloved friends were his Bishops and Priests. Well versed in Church History and Canon Law, he was an authority on all such subjects. Lavishly generous to every demand for Church extension and improvement, his beneficence was manifested in various ways. An instance of it was a gift to the Parish immediately after the Civil War of an entire block of city lots, whereon was a spacious building for a "Church Home" for all the parochial charities. This work was opened in 1870, and after twenty years of successful operation, the building having been destroyed by fire, it was removed to another part of the city and developed into the Mission Chapel of the Good Shepherd, with its various organizations for religious and charitable work.

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A page from the records of St. James' Parish:

In Memoriam.

ARMAND JOHN DEROSSET, M. D.

BORN OCTOBER 6TH, 1807,
DIED DECEMBER 9TH, 1897.

A devoted Communicant of the Church for 65 years.

Delegate to the Diocesan Conventions of 1832, 1838, 1847, 1850, 1852, 1855 to 1897.

Deputy to the General Council of the Confederate States 1862-64.

Deputy to the General Convention for 30 years, 1867-1897.

Treasurer of the Diocese of North Carolina from 1870 to 1883; of East Carolina, 1883 to July 24th, 1896.

Member of the Standing Committee of North Carolina, 1876-1882; of East Carolina, 1883-1896; and of the Committee on Canons of East Carolina, 1883-1896.

"Full of Faith and Good Works."

And not only for Christ and His Church were his services rendered. His country, in her hour of dire need, had no more loyal son than he. Six of his sons were given to the Confederate service; one, Edward L., a lad of seventeen, "only a private," was among the earliest victims of that cruel war. Two were wounded nigh unto death, Col. W. L. and Capt. A. L.; and only a few years later four of them had passed away and lay sleeping at Oakdale with the little sister, who, in 1855, was the first solitary occupant of that city of the dead. My father was the principal promoter of that Cemetery Company, took the greatest interest in it, was its first President, for many years, and his youngest daughter, "little Annie," was the first person buried there, in February, 1855. Of his three sons-in-law in the service, one, Col. Gaston Meares, of the Third North Carolina Infantry, fell at the head of his regiment on the bloody field of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.

Mrs. deRosset was a woman of rare executive ability throughout the war, was President of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Wilmington, ministering continually with wonderful energy and untiring activity to the comfort of the soldiers, in field and hospital. She was prominent among the organizers of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Wilmington, afterwards merged into the North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

October 23, 1876, the great calamity of his life fell upon my father, in the sudden death of his beloved wife. They were together, attending the Centennial Celebration of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, when the stroke



St. James Church
Wilmington, N.C.



The Seven Sons of Dr. and Mrs. A.J. DeRosset
Edward S. , Moses John, Armand L., **Frederick Ancrum**, William L.,
Louis H. and Thomas C.

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

came. Grief-stricken by the bereavement, yet mourning not as one without hope of a blessed reunion, he took up again the burden of life with characteristic fortitude and submission to God's will. His age was then near three score and ten; but there was still much to be done before that burden could be laid down, and God gave him strength and grace to bring forth yet more abundantly the fruit of good works to the glory of His name. His pure life and holy example seemed to be felt by the community as a blessed influence for good. All sorts and conditions of men felt his presence as a benediction. None ever heard from his lips a profane or unclean word, and it was said "no act or word unbecoming a gentleman could be done or spoken in Dr. deRosset's presence."

Truly we have reason to rise up and call him blessed, and to thank God upon every remembrance of him and our noble mother.

They had issue:

1. Catherine Douglass, b. May 31, 1830, m. Col. Gaston Meares.
2. William Lord, b. October 27, 1832, m. { 1 Caroline H. Nelson
2 Elizabeth S. Nash
3. Eliza Hill ("Lossie"), b. December 23, 1834, m. Capt. Chas. D. Myers.
4. Alice London, b. June 15, 1836, d. September 2, 1897, m. Major Graham Daves.
5. Moses John, b. July 4, 1838, d. May 1, 1881, m. Adelaide Meares.
6. Louis Henry, b. April 11, 1840, d. November 11, 1875, m. { 1 Maria T. Finley (mother, *Maria Ancrum*)
2 Jane D. Cowan
7. Armand Lamar, b. January 28, 1842, m. Tallulah E. Low.
8. Edward Swift, b. February 12, 1844, d. December 30, 1861, in Confederate service.
9. Thomas Childs, b. September 1, 1845, m. Louise W. Hatton.
10. Annie, b. April 5, 1848, d. February 5, 1855.
11. Frederic Ancrum, b. April 13, 1856, m. { *residue* - died 19 South St. Brighton, Norfolk Co. Mass.
Green. 1-11-37

The year after my mother's death (November 15, 1877) he was again married, to Catherine M. Kennedy, step-daughter of his widowed sister. She had been closely associated with our family from childhood, and dearly loved by us all. Unsurpassed in all the gentle and affectionate qualities that can adorn a woman, for seventeen years she cheered his loneliness as none other could have done, blessing his declining years by tender devotion and loving care. But again he was smitten by the Father's rod when (March 3, 1894) she was taken away just at the beginning of the malady which three years later removed him from earthly sorrow.

Loss of fortune and his beautiful home in 1882 had compelled his removal to his father's old home, now his own by inheritance. There the last years of his life were spent, comforted by the loving service of his surviving children and the scarcely less affectionate attentions of faithful colored servants and friends. His last few weeks were greatly comforted by the presence and spiritual ministry of his beloved son, the Rev. Frederick A. deRosset.

ANNALS OF THE DEROSSET FAMILY

Yet again the sunset of life was shadowed by a great grief. After a long illness, his beloved daughter, Alice London, wife of Maj. Graham Daves, died, September 3, 1897. Altogether lovely in every relation of life, possessed of rare intellectual gifts and personal charm, she was admired and dearly loved by all who knew her. "The light of loyal service to the King shone through her life and lit up other lives with the bright fire of love." Her loss left in our hearts an aching void which Heaven alone can fill. Christian faith and resignation sustained her stricken father, who looked ever more and more longingly for the blessed reunion he felt was very near.

At last, when the golden sheaf was fully ripe, the summons came. "Called like a watchworn weary sentinel to put his armor off," he fell asleep December 9, 1897. His mortal remains lie at the foot of his Cross in beautiful Oakdale, while his redeemed soul in the "Church at Rest" waits in joyful hope the Day of Resurrection and the eternal joys of the Church Triumphant.

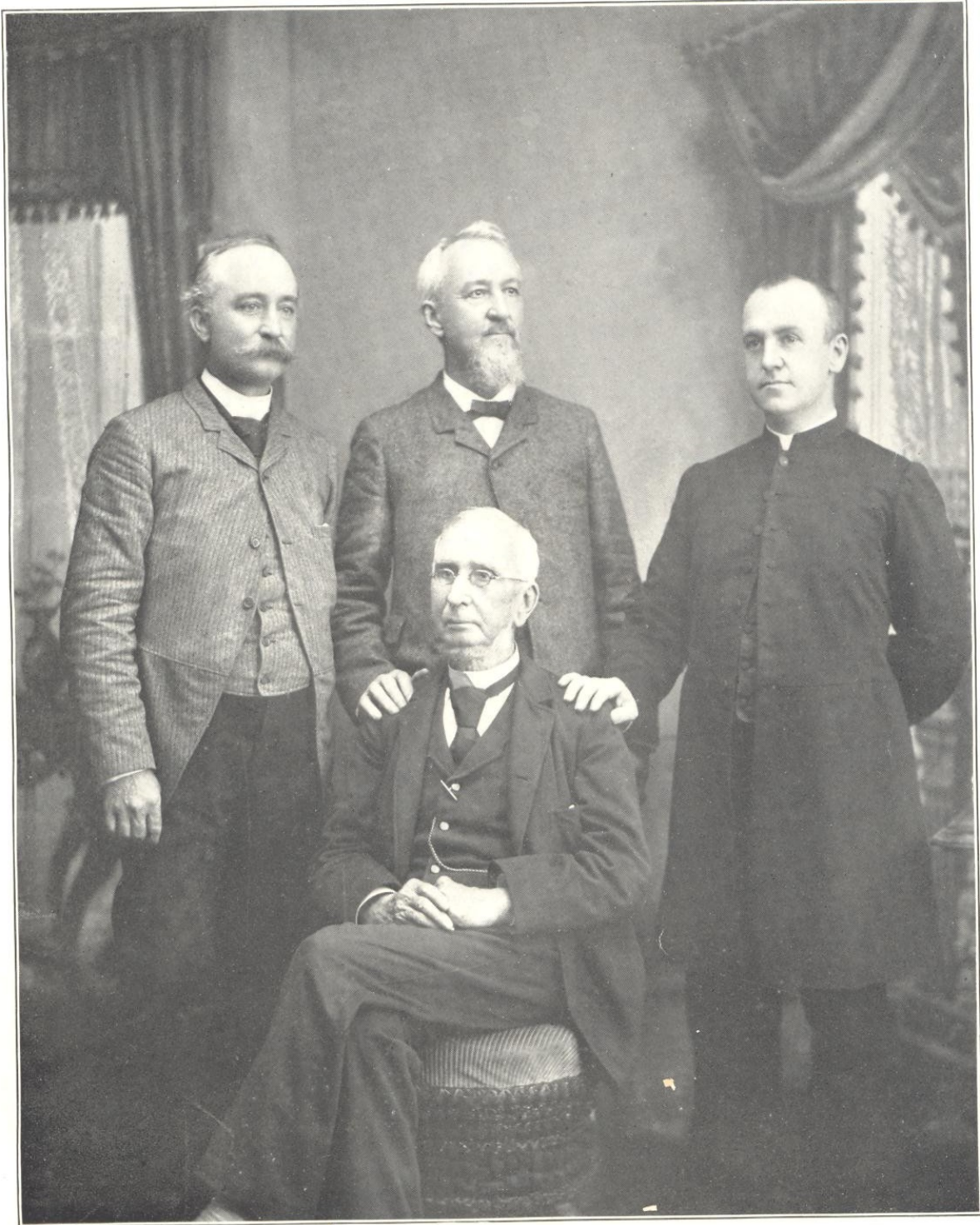
"We give Thee hearty thanks, O Heavenly Father, for the good example of these Thy servants, who, having finished their course through Faith, do now rest from their labors."



My Annals of the deRossets end as the Nineteenth Century draws to its close. I can find for their conclusion no words more appropriate than those of one of the hymns sung at the beautifully impressive burial service of my father, the last living Dr. deRosset:

"The Saints of God! Their conflicts past,
And life's long battle won at last.
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord.
O happy Saints! forever blest,
At Jesus' feet, how sweet your rest!

The Saints of God! Their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies,
O Saints! Rejoice and sing,
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.
Amen."



Dr. Armand J. DeRosset and his three surviving sons
Captain Armand L., Col. William L.,
and the **Reverend Frederick Ancrum**

CONCLUSION.

"'Twere better to be meanly born and good
Than one unworthy of his noble blood;
Though all thy walls shine with thy pedigree
Yet virtue only makes nobility.

Then that thy pedigree may useful be,
Seek out the virtues of thy family,
And to be worthy of thy father's name,
Search out the good they did—and do the same."

Oh, sons and daughters of the deRosset line, our ancestors have devised to us an imperial crown—a crown of uprightness, truth and honor. May God help us always to guard and keep our shield unstained. Let us each, like Shakespeare's kingly hero, swear, "The whole world's strength put into one giant arm shall never force this lineal honor from me."



CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

THE BISHOP'S CHURCH

THE VEN. FR. A. DEROSSET, RECTOR
ARCHDEACON OF CAIRO

JURISDICTION OF CAIRO
DIOCESE OF SPRINGFIELD

Cairo, Illinois,

Rosset or Rosseti. *Vaud Canton of Switzerland*

An old family of nobility in the Waat (Waadt) and such territory of Bern which formerly belonged to the Savoyan duchy Chablais, and out of which Johannes in the year 1462 and his son Guy or Guido in the year 1528 were Syndics of Lausanne, and this latter was also in 1536 one of the twelve delegates sent to Bern, to act in behalf of the free surrender; his son Johannes was in the year 1588, Burgomeister of the City of Lausanne and his son Benjamin lord of Vufflens la Ville received the same position in the year 1617, gave it up voluntarily in 1629 in behalf of a friend, but in 1634 he was reelected: also his son Johannes Philip was in the year 1673 Burgomeister, and held the lordship of Vufflens la Ville of Echandens and Rochfort: his son died young, and ~~made~~ ^{his} Johann Ludovicus his heir who was lord of Echandens of the Venner of the ~~State~~ ^{City} of Lausanne, and in the year 1755 died: Marcus Benjamin of Rochfort from the year 1736 ~~first~~ ^{first} minister of the ~~State~~ ^{City} of Lausanne, and Dean of the class of Lausanne and in the year 1754 died: and David Rosset of Vernans who also in his 83d year held the position of a commander of a land-regiment obbemetten Vernans of Johannes Ludovicus the son Ferdinand was lord of Echen-dens and Rochefort of the minister and Dean Marcus Benjamin the sons were Antonius Emanuel in the year 1725 Doctor of Medicine at Basel and had a dissertation on Sight published in qtoand was also ~~Rathherr~~ ^{deputy} of Lausanne and Johannes Alphonsus who continued his studies for some time which he had begun in his native town in the house and under the supervision of his Godfather the renowned Professor Johannes Alphonsus Turratin of Gen^{eva}, and from him in the year 1701 received the sassistantship of the church; in the year 1743 became ~~prof~~ ^{prof} became honorary professor of the Oriental languages and in the year 1748 was active professor of Theology in the Academy of Lausanne, and in 1750, 1751, and in 1752 was their rector. From this family also was Petrus Antonius Ludovicus ~~Rathherr~~ ^{deputy} (= Chancellor) and ~~chamberlain~~ ^{chamberlain} of the treasury of Lausanne and landlord of Vernans.

A large part of Vaud was acquired by Savoy in 1265 -

Conquered by Bern in 1475-6 - 1536-1555,

& ruled as a subject land -

an unsuccessful attempt at revolt was made in 1723.

Chablais - the oldest possession of the ancient house of Savoy, the most N. province, on the Lake of Geneva, bet.

Rochfort - seaport, department of Charente Inferieure, on the Charente 9 m. fr. its mouth -

Was only a small town when Louis XIV. commenced its extension in 1666.

Rochfort - Geneva

Notes from Reverend Frederick Ancrum DeRosset, undated, taped as
the last page of this copy of the Annals